

Recently to see Mrs. Robinson. Ralph Lamb and Ellsworth Fields a week end at their homes. M. Fullerton is working in the Henry Durgin. Irving Morey who has been ill. Skornis returned home Saturday. Skornis was home from Bethel week end.

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**GIBBS**

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**Tel. 33-11**

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**The**  
Herrick 6-24-26

# Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXII—NUMBER 4

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1926.

4 Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

## RUFUS A. SKILLINGS

Again our community is saddened by the passing of one of our aged citizens, Rufus A. Skillings, who has lived practically all his life in Bethel.

Born in Westbrook, (now Portland), Jan. 21, 1851, he came to Bethel in 1890. He was the youngest of several children. He lived in Mayville for a time and married in 1878 Mrs. Mary (Frost) Hammons. She passed away on May 12, 1924.

Of his immediate family three daughters live to mourn their loss: Ethel Hammons, who, since the death of his wife, has made a home for him, and by kindly acts and deeds, has made his home life very pleasant; Mrs. L. E. Hutchinson of Bethel, and Mrs. Roy Brown of Bethel, N. H. All these daughters were with him at the last illness, which to him, was very gratifying.

For thirteen years he managed the Ginnam Bean farm at West Bethel with an interest and efficiency which could not have been surpassed if it had been his own. This was a prominent trait of his character, faithfulness.

While not a charter member of Mt. Abram Lodge, I. O. O. F., he was one of the oldest members, joining in 1877, and since that time he has always been one of our most loyal brothers. He passed through all the chairs to the Past Grand Degree, with credit to himself and the lodge. When he had received all the honors the lodge could give he did not let his interest slacken, but was practically always present at the meetings. Serving on the sick committee for many years, he visited the sick with a punctuality that could not be excelled. It will be hard to replace him in this capacity. He served as janitor for many years in the Old Fellows building, also in the Universalist Church, very acceptably.

He served as sexton in the Woodland Cemetery and it was with great pride that he succeeded in making it a place of beauty and neatness. Several years ago he was elected sexton of the Riverside Cemetery, and for some time did the work in both with such assistance as he needed, but about a year ago he found the care too much for his strength and resigned from the Woodland Cemetery, much to the disappointment of the trustees. One has but to go to Riverside to see the painstaking care he bestowed upon it.

He was a member of the Congregational Church at Mayville, but later he came affiliated with the Universalist Church, though not a member.

We do not think he was seriously ill till the last forty-eight hours and his death came as a shock to all.

He was buried from the Universalist Church, Wednesday, May 5, Rev. Mr. Oliver and Rev. Mr. Easterhouse officiating, assisted by a large number of Old Fellows, with a short service of the order. His body now lies at rest in Riverside, but the memory of his sterling qualities remains, and his life is exemplified in "To live in a house in the side of the road and be a friend to all."

## FORMER BETHEL MAN DIES IN LYNN, MASS.

The following article taken from the Lynn Telegram News will be of interest to many Bethel people as Mr. Brown was a frequent visitor at the home of the states, Mrs. Fred Brown, a number of years, and he was a frequent visitor to his younger life a resident of the town.

## WELL KNOWN CITIZEN DIES AT AGE OF 72

James Brown, aged 72, one of the best known citizens of Bethel, died at 11 o'clock Sunday morning at the home of his wife, Mrs. Fred Brown, after a long illness.

Mr. Brown was born in Bethel, Maine, and was a member of the Bethel Baptist Church. He was a well known citizen of the town and was a frequent visitor to his younger life a resident of the town.

He was buried from the Bethel Baptist Church, Sunday morning, May 9, at 11 o'clock, by Rev. Mr. Oliver and Rev. Mr. Easterhouse, assisted by a large number of Old Fellows, with a short service of the order.

His body now lies at rest in Riverside, but the memory of his sterling qualities remains, and his life is exemplified in "To live in a house in the side of the road and be a friend to all."

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## CHAPMAN—EAMES

The marriage of Jesse B. Chapman and Eva Eames was solemnized at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. Frank Lamb, at Mechanic Falls Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Chapman is well known in Bethel having contacted the Central Service Station on Main Street for the past two years.

Mrs. Chapman was a former resident of Newry but for the past two years has made her home in Bethel.

Their many friends extend hearty congratulations.

## BIG FIRE IN RUMFORD

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the Hat Shop and completely drenched the E. K. Day Co. store and the offices in the Strathglass building at Rumford early Sunday morning. The fire department had a hard fight to extinguish the flames, being obliged to tear away partitions and ceilings. The loss is estimated at \$65,000, the E. K. Day Co. being the heavy loser with a loss of approximately \$35,000. Their entire stock being damaged with water and smoke.

## ICE OUT OF SONGO POND

The ice went out of Songo Pond on Monday, May 3, it being one of the latest dates at which the pond has been free from ice. We give below the records for twenty-seven years:

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| April 29, 1900, April 24, 1901, April 8, 1902, April 6, 1903, May 2, 1904, April 26, 1905, April 25, 1906, May 1, 1907, April 26, 1908, May 3, 1909, April 8, 1910, May 1, 1911, April 24, 1912, April 10, 1913, April 24, 1914, April 10, 1915, April 25, 1916, April 25, 1917, April 25, 1918, April 21, 1919, April 26, 1920, April 24, 1921, April 16, 1922, April 26, 1923, April 25, 1924, April 13, 1925, May 3, 1926. |
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## MRS. JULIA L. COBURN

Mrs. Julia Littlefield Coburn passed away Friday, May 7, at the Maine State Hospital, Augusta, after an illness of several years duration.

Mrs. Coburn was the daughter of the late Luther and Betsey Littlefield Littlefield, and was born in Riley Plantation, July 31, 1847.

About sixty years ago she married John P. Coburn, who passed away 11 years ago. To this union four sons were born: Fred, who died thirteen years ago; Ed F., and Charles P. of Andover; Arthur E. of Lewiston. Mrs. Coburn spent the first part of her married life in Riley Plantation, but for the past forty-three years she has resided in Bethel where she had many friends.

She is survived by three sons, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Jennie Littlefield, who has many nieces and nephews.

The funeral was held from the home of Augustus Littlefield on Vernon Street Sunday afternoon, at 1:30, Rev. Chester H. Oliver speaking words of comfort to the bereaved ones.

Burial was in Riverside cemetery.

Mr. E. C. Park was in Portland Thursday.

Mrs. Elsie Howell was in Norway one day last week.

Mrs. Melissa T. was in Portland one day last week.

Mrs. Alice Gage was in Portland a few days last week.

Mr. S. F. Marden has employment at Bethel since the garage.

Mrs. H. H. Johnson of Augusta was in Bethel.

Mrs. Marshall Hastings and Mrs. B. Hastings were in Portland Sunday last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hays and son were in Bethel Sunday last week.

Mrs. Esther Tyler returned to Dover Sunday, May 9, after spending a week with her parents.

Mr. E. P. Brown has finished sawing lumber for the N. B. Stowell Co. at Bethel.

Mr. Brown and crew cut 100 cords of white birch and have sawed it into spool stock during the winter.

Among those from out of town who came to attend the funeral of Mrs. Coburn were Edward P. Coburn, George, 680 Boston St., Lynn, Mass., at 10 o'clock, and Rev. Clifford H. Fosbury and Charles Coburn of Andover, Arthur of the East Baptist Church, Bethel, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor of Rumford.

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. T. B. Burk loaded a car of cattle, hogs and calves, Monday.

Miss Rose Harvey is assisting at the home of Mrs. G. P. Bean.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Thurston have returned from a visit in New York.

Mrs. E. C. Park and daughter, Myriel, spent the week end in Boston.

Mr. Homer Smith has employment with Mrs. J. P. Skillings as chauffeur.

Mr. Harold Crooker of Jacke's Mills is working in C. W. Hall's barber shop.

Mr. J. Stanton Turner of Norway has employment in F. B. Hall's barber shop.

Scouts of Bethel village are registering for 1926-7, April 29 to April 30, 1927.

Mr. J. W. Carter has returned from Boston where he has been spending a few days.

Coming, a first class entertainment at Odson Hall, June 8, for the benefit of the Boy Scouts.

Messrs. E. C. Park, E. M. Walker, N. P. Moore and P. B. Merrill were in Rumford, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Finck and Mrs. Hansmann and son have arrived at their summer home in Mayville.

Judge H. H. Hastings was in Fryburg one day last week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ned Hastings.

Mr. Edgar Dunspey, golf pro at Bethel Inn, has returned and is making the golf course ready for summer.

Mr. P. C. Thurston returned Monday from an extended trip to England, Germany and other foreign countries.

The Belchams will hold a food sale at the L. W. Russell Co. store Friday afternoon, May 14, at 3 o'clock.

Mr. F. L. Edwards has a crew of men driving pulpwood out of the meadow brooks into the Androscoggin River.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Clark and two sons, Hugh and Wendell of Auburn were the guests of relatives in town Saturday.

Mr. Alton Bacon and crew from Fryburg are making extensive repairs on P. P. Flint's house on Broad Street.

Mr. E. N. Robertson is building a gasoline filling station, over town and four car garage on Main Street, near Joe Johnston's store.

Mrs. Christine Hall was in Lewiston at work to make her mother, Mrs. Mary H. Johnson of Madison, who will spend a few weeks in town.

Rev. Leonard G. March of Fryburg, Me., was the new Superintendent of Bethel Baptist Methodist Church, Sunday evening, at the M. E. church, Tuesday evening.

Prof. W. R. Chapman left for New York, Sunday, and has started on his tour of concert. He will be in Bethel Sunday afternoon of the week with the orchestra for a concert in the hall. Tickets are on sale at the M. E. church.

Dr. F. H. Wright came to Bethel to make a fund for the past and church work on the Sabbath, and will be in town on the Sabbath and Sunday.

Among the new arrivals in town are Mr. F. H. Mordant and Mrs. Mordant, who are in town on the Sabbath and Sunday.

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## CHAPMAN CONCERT

To Be Given in Odson Hall, Saturday Afternoon, May 15th

Below we print the programme for the Chapman Concert so soon to be given in our town. One of the most interesting and popular numbers will be the Melodie in A by Vice-President Daves for Violin. He is a skilled violinist, and this composition has an international popularity. He is famous as a soloist of the great war, diplomat, international financier, and author of the Daves plan for the German settlement, and as Vice-President, he is beloved for his staunch Americanism, fearlessness and fighting spirit. But he is a man of broad talents and tastes, and his capacity as a musician is but a single phase of his many sided character. The popular side of Miss Belkin's programme, especially her extra numbers, "The Indian Love Call" by Primm, from the musical play, Rose Marie, also the group of peasant songs in costume, will add a lot of variety to the programme. Her operatic numbers will include her at once as the possessor of a marvelous voice of great range, as in the Bell Song from Lakme, she will end her recital on high F above high C. The sopranos can be counted on one hand in this country who can produce such a beautiful tone.

Secure your tickets early, for the public have not forgotten the marvelous thrill they received when they heard this great violinist, Benno Rabenhoff, two years ago, and this will positively be his last appearance, as he has gone beyond our financial reach. If he had not been obliged to discontinue his tour two years ago, you would not have the pleasure of listening to him now. Tickets are now ready at popular prices, thirty-five cents and fifty cents, at Rosserman's Drug Store.

PROGRAMME

1. Concerto No. 2, First Movement, Violante
2. Bell Song, Lakme, Leo Delibes, Beatrice Belkin
3. (a) Mikado in D, Mozart, (b) Lohengrin Act, Old Irish Melody, Fritz Kroscher
4. (a) Sweet Mystery of Life, (b) The Indian Love Call, Benno Rabenhoff
5. (a) Sweet Mystery of Life, (b) The Indian Love Call, Benno Rabenhoff
6. Group of Peasant Folk Songs in Costume, (a) Swiss, O. H. Lohs, Angel, (b) Italian, (c) French, (d) Spanish, (e) Russian, (f) Hungarian, (g) Bohemian, (h) Polish, (i) Czech, (j) Slovak, (k) Slovenian, (l) Croatian, (m) Serbian, (n) Montenegrin, (o) Macedonian, (p) Bulgarian, (q) Rumanian, (r) Greek, (s) Turkish, (t) Armenian, (u) Georgian, (v) Persian, (w) Hindustani, (x) Chinese, (y) Japanese, (z) Korean, (aa) Siamese, (ab) Burmese, (ac) Siam, (ad) Siam, (ae) Siam, (af) Siam, (ag) Siam, (ah) Siam, (ai) Siam, (aj) Siam, (ak) Siam, (al) Siam, (am) Siam, (an) Siam, (ao) Siam, (ap) Siam, (aq) Siam, (ar) Siam, (as) Siam, (at) Siam, (au) Siam, (av) Siam, (aw) Siam, (ax) Siam, (ay) Siam, (az) Siam, (ba) Siam, (bb) Siam, (bc) Siam, (bd) Siam, (be) Siam, (bf) Siam, (bg) Siam, (bh) Siam, (bi) Siam, (bj) Siam, (bk) Siam, (bl) Siam, (bm) Siam, (bn) Siam, (bo) Siam, (bp) Siam, (bq) Siam, (br) Siam, (bs) Siam, (bt) Siam, (bu) Siam, (bv) Siam, (bw) Siam, (bx) Siam, (by) Siam, (bz) Siam, (ca) Siam, (cb) Siam, (cc) Siam, (cd) Siam, (ce) Siam, (cf) Siam, (cg) 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Secure your tickets early, for the public have not forgotten the marvelous thrill they received when they heard this great violinist, Benno Rabenhoff, two years ago, and this will positively be his last appearance, as he has gone beyond our financial reach. If he had not been obliged to discontinue his tour two years ago, you would not have the pleasure of listening to him now. Tickets are now ready at popular prices, thirty-five cents and fifty cents, at Rosserman's Drug Store.

PROGRAMME

1. Concerto No. 2, First Movement, Violante
2. Bell Song, Lakme, Leo Delibes, Beatrice Belkin
3. (a) Mikado in D, Mozart, (b) Lohengrin Act, Old Irish Melody, Fritz Kroscher
4. (a) Sweet Mystery of Life, (b) The Indian Love Call, Benno Rabenhoff
5. (a) Sweet Mystery of Life, (b) The Indian Love Call, Benno Rabenhoff
6. Group of Peasant Folk Songs in Costume, (a) Swiss, O. H. Lohs, Angel, (b) Italian, (c) French, (d) Spanish, (e) Russian, (f) Hungarian, (g) Bohemian, (h) Polish, (i) Czech, (j) Slovak, (k) Slovenian, (l) Croatian, (m) Serbian, (n) Montenegrin, (o) Macedonian, (p) Bulgarian, (q) Rumanian, (r) Greek, (s) Turkish, (t) Armenian, (u) Georgian, (v) Persian, (w) Hindustani, (x) Chinese, (y) Japanese, (z) Korean, (aa) Siamese, (ab) Burmese







# THE WIFE-SHIP WOMAN

## CHAPTER XI—Continued

By Hugh Pendexter

Author of  
"Kings of the Missouri" "Pay Gravel"  
"A Virginia Scout," etc.  
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WNU Service

His outburst broke the spell. With insane howls the Hupas crowded in from all sides. I leaped toward the point I had selected when the circle first formed, and bowed over two men and was rushing toward my cabin where I had left my musket. With the squeal of a cornered rat the murderer attempted to follow me; and he must have used his knife to some profit, for I heard a death howl. Damoan was yelling for his Choctaws to chase me, but the bulk of them were back at the exit and the others were tardy in taking up the pursuit.

As for the Hupas, they paused to tie Six Fingers' hands behind his back. By the time they were pounding after me I had secured my musket and was at the hatch of vines behind the girl's cabin. While the entire mass of infuriated savages were sweeping down on my cabin I risked calling the girl's name. The silence and the failure of Labrador to make an appearance satisfied me they were well on their way to the river. I cautiously worked in behind the vines and found the hole, scarcely large enough for my bulk to pass through.

Thrusting my feet through I was clear except my shoulders when the wild mob passed the cabin and surrounded the one I had occupied. The women had snatched burning brands from the fire, and these illuminated the scene. Through the mesh of vines I saw Six Fingers being dragged between two warriors; and as the savages came to a halt I heard him scream:

"Good luck! This will be death!"

Pirate and murderer that he was I could not help the wish that he might find a quick death, rather than to roam slowly on the bed of torture.

Utterly mad as he was he was born an Englishman, and if it had not been for narrowing the girl's chances of escape I should have been tempted to shoot him because once he had been an English lad.

The chief's grandson, bolder than the others, ran forward with ax and torch and thrust his head inside the cabin. Turning back he shouted that I was gone. Almost the same moment Damoan ran into the cabin in front of me and yelled to the red men that Labrador and the woman were gone.

When he appeared in the torch-light he was insane with rage, and catching a glimpse of Six Fingers' writhing figure he screamed like a panther and fell upon him as if intending to tear him to pieces with his bare hands.

"If you tell their plans!" screamed Six Fingers in English as Damoan's fingers began ripping his face.

"Tell them! Tell them! Or I'll pick you joint from joint!" howled Damoan, bending over the craven, his outstretched hands hooked like claws.

"Save me! Save me!" gasped Six Fingers. "Take me with you. I'll lead you to them!"

"Speak!" yelled Damoan, lurching his shoulders and wringing his long fingers before the murderer's bleeding face.

"They planned for Labrador and the woman to get away while we were eating," panted Six Fingers. "They planned—"

But now it was purely a question of the girl's safety and not of this snake's suffering; and I fired an ounce ball through his wicked skull, and slipped through the hole and away into the black forest.

## CHAPTER XII

The Proud One's Sister Dies.

I led the chase that night toward the east; and so long as I traveled in that direction I took pains occasionally to betray my position. This procedure gave the girl and Labrador more time to escape, for I knew Damoan would head every endeavor to overtake me. Toward morning I swung back in a wide circle, planning to strike the Mississippi near the Tunica village at the upper end of the Portage of the Cross. There I was sure to find a canoe in which to push on after my friends.

That night I skirted the Tunica village and stole some corn from an outlying village and was fortunate enough to find a small canoe containing a fish net made of Indian bark fiber and some lines equipped with hooks and fish-bone. I made excellent progress that night, nor did I observe anything to indicate my foes had discovered my return to the river.

It was not until I reached the cliffs of Natchez and was reconnoitering the mouth of Little river that I made two important discoveries—one brought great joy, the other impelled me to head off desperate haste into the tributary. Ahead of me, some distance up Little river, was a prairie containing two persons. One of the couple looked like a boy and was not using a paddle. In the next moment I had glimpsed a long plume towering a head of the big river below me. It held at least a dozen Indians and their six-foot paddles were flashing rapidly. I did not believe I had been seen as I was disappearing into the tributary when this strange craft started in nose around the bend.

The canoe ahead now discovered me and the six-foot figure vanished by dropping flat, and the other abandoned the paddle to pick up a musket. I waved my cap and Labrador turned at once and began paddling to meet me. I instantly gestured for him to go back, and in pantomime announced the peril behind me. As he swung the canoe

about to head up-stream again he must have told the girl, for she reappeared and stretched out both hands to me. We were within three miles of White Apple, the principal town of the Natchez, which in turn was within three miles of Fort Rosalie. Let us but get inside the village and I would have no fear of either the French at the fort, or of Damoan and the Choctaws the eve of war with the French. They were a very mighty people; there would be no subtle evasion of their laws to please Bienville even if the red warrior's post did not stand between them. The three of us would have full measure of protection from the Great Sun and his brother and war chief, Tattooed Serpent. So my heart was light when I drew up alongside Labrador's pirogue and was greeted by his amiable grin and a tremulous handclasp from the girl.

"They noticed the absence of Six Fingers, and both began asking questions. He was shot and killed while escaping from the village," I said. "If



As He Swung His Pirogue About to Head Upstream Again He Must Have Told the Girl, for She Reappeared and Stretched Out Her Hands to Me.

he had obeyed orders he could have escaped with me."

The girl's face was sober at hearing such violent news, and yet I fancied there was relief in her bearing. We dragged the canoes under some bushes, and, being in familiar country, took the shortest cut to White Apple—sometimes called White Earth.

When we had all but come to the village we heard a peculiar howl, which startled Labrador and me because we knew what it meant, and which frightened the girl because she could imagine it to mean almost anything unwholesome. I motioned for Labrador to make a detour, but before we knew it we were through the bushes and in an opening close to the village, and the girl was staring with wide eyes at the strange scene. Some of the Natchez were rehearsing for a funeral ceremony. I whispered as much to her, and she became quiet and curiously watched the peculiar proceedings.

There were five victims, three women and two men, and forty executioners, the grim office being eagerly sought because it enabled. All the executioners had their hands painted red and had red feathers thrust through the long trails of hair hanging down the left side of the head. The five victims had their hair painted red. The girl saw no significance in the red hands, the red hair, the

ropes and red ax, but the gestures of the man with the weapon frightened her.

"It is all make-believe," I whispered, trying to hurry her on. "We will go to the village. If Damoan did not see me enter the river he will learn from the fort that none of us have passed."

So we walked toward the village, and, the rehearsal being finished, the Natchez came after us. But such was their courtesy that they would not pass us; and those who desired to reach the village quickly swung far to one side as if taking an entirely different course.

Labrador was frowning heavily and in Choctaw said:

"Friend! there was no word-bearer, nor any medicine man among those to be sacrificed. The dead must be a woman. The three old women were her kinswomen. The two men were her servants. If it was La Glorieuse there would be many more servants."

He named a woman of noble rank, called "The Proud" by the French because of her aristocratic bearing, her contempt for commoners, and her ignorance of any Frenchman unless he possessed rank. It was known that Tattooed Serpent was enamored of her, but both being nobles marriage between them was impossible. No; the funeral procession was scarcely worthy of a woman who enjoyed the favor of Olnabkeche, head war chief, as well as a brother of the Great Sun.

"It is not La Glorieuse," I said. Labrador sighed.

"Ah, that grande dame! Why couldn't it be her?"

"That is queer talk," I rebuked. "How has the Proud One ever harmed you?"

"It is I who harmed her—as she thinks. I married her sister. She never forgave her sister for marrying beneath her. Never forgave me for looking so high!"

We entered the village, a collection of square huts made of timbers plastered with mud, moss and sand, with the roofs of reeds and grass, woven so as to be weather-proof.

The Natchez were much different from any Indian tribe I ever encountered, or heard of. The practice of human sacrifices on the death of the elect emblems of ancient Eastern civilizations; and the worship of the sun reminded one of the stories brought back from Central and South America. And yet their language was linked up with the dialects of the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Creeks.

I accosted an "ancient" warrior—so called to distinguish him from "young" warriors and "apprentice" warriors, and referring to skill rather than to age—and asked if I could secure an audience with the Great Sun. He told me the Great Sun was absent inspecting the temple and sacred fire in a neighboring village. He believed I could see Tattooed Serpent, however.

I told Labrador to take the girl to the edge of the village and wait while I paid our respects to my old acquaintance, the war chief. She was glad to do this; nor did Labrador regret escaping an audience with the great chief, whose mistress' sister he had married and deserted.

I went to the cabin next to the temple and informed an aged man, the Serpent's word-bearer, that I wished to see the chief. He disappeared through the low doorway and very soon returned and motioned for me to enter.

As the door furnished the only light, and as the room was thirty feet square, I could not make out the interior until the sun glared left my eyes. Then I saw the Serpent and La Glorieuse. "The Proud." As I entered she swept by me with barely a flicker of recognition in her cold face. Olnabkeche came forward and cordially greeted me, finding me a stool while he seated himself on the edge of his bed. He clasped his hands, and a servant brought a pipe, with the chief lighted for me to smoke ceremoniously. After he had done likewise, he said:

"The Proud One is grieving for the dead woman. She was the Proud One's sister."

If the girl were whomp of the Choctaws filled the cabin I could not have been taken more by surprise. Then came dismay. Olnabkeche was La

Glorieuse, who had been demeaned when her sister had married a titleless Frenchman; and outside was simple Joe Labrador and the dainty French girl. What a clash of eyes there would be should red meet white, and the red behold her dead sister's careless spouse daring to return to White Apple in company with a white woman.

"It is many moons since the White Indian was here," the Serpent remarked, eyeing me sharply.

"Olnabkeche, I should have waited until I could bring gifts for the Great Sun and his brother, but Choctaw dogs have chased me up the river, and I come here to be among friends."

"The Choctaws hunt so far as this?" he cried, his hand closing on a big war-ax, a gift from the French.

"The man known as Damoan the Fox leads them," I replied. "He may come now."

"The whole Choctaw nation cannot harm you here. My white brother is safe."

"There is a white woman with me, neither English, nor French, but kin to the English. I am taking her to the English towns far in the east, beyond the country of the Choctaws."

"It is well," he said absent-mindedly. "She will be safe here."

Now came the hardest portion of my task, I said:

"And there is a white man with me, a Frenchman, but my brother. He is Labrador."

The Serpent's form elongated although he did not move from the bed, and his head swung back and forth nervously.

"Your friend took a Natchez woman as his wife," he softly informed me. "That woman is dead."

"He will be heavy of heart to learn it."

"He must prove himself worthy of mating with a noble, a sister of the Proud One."

"Undoubtedly," I promptly assured him, frantic to get outside and have a talk with Labrador and agree upon some plan for immediate flight.

I managed to close the interview without sacrificing ceremony and politeness and hastened to find my friends. When I came to the edge of the village my roving gaze halted on a dramatic scene. Labrador sat on a log tearing at his long hair while La Glorieuse and Olnabkeche, faced each other, both declaiming in French.

I heard La Glorieuse jeering:

"He was unworthy to marry a Natchez woman; yet you take him for a husband."

"He is not my husband!" cried mademoiselle. "Mon Dieu! What a terrible creature you are! Why do you talk to me? I would be alone. Have you no corn to pound; no man's work to do?"

"You will soon be alone so far as this French runaway is to be counted," blurted the Proud One, throwing up her head and stalking away.

I stepped forward. Labrador growled.

"You know who the dead woman is?" I asked him in Choctaw.

"The furious one has told me. Mon Dieu! She says they wait for me to point my hair and be strangled by four men at each end of the rope!"

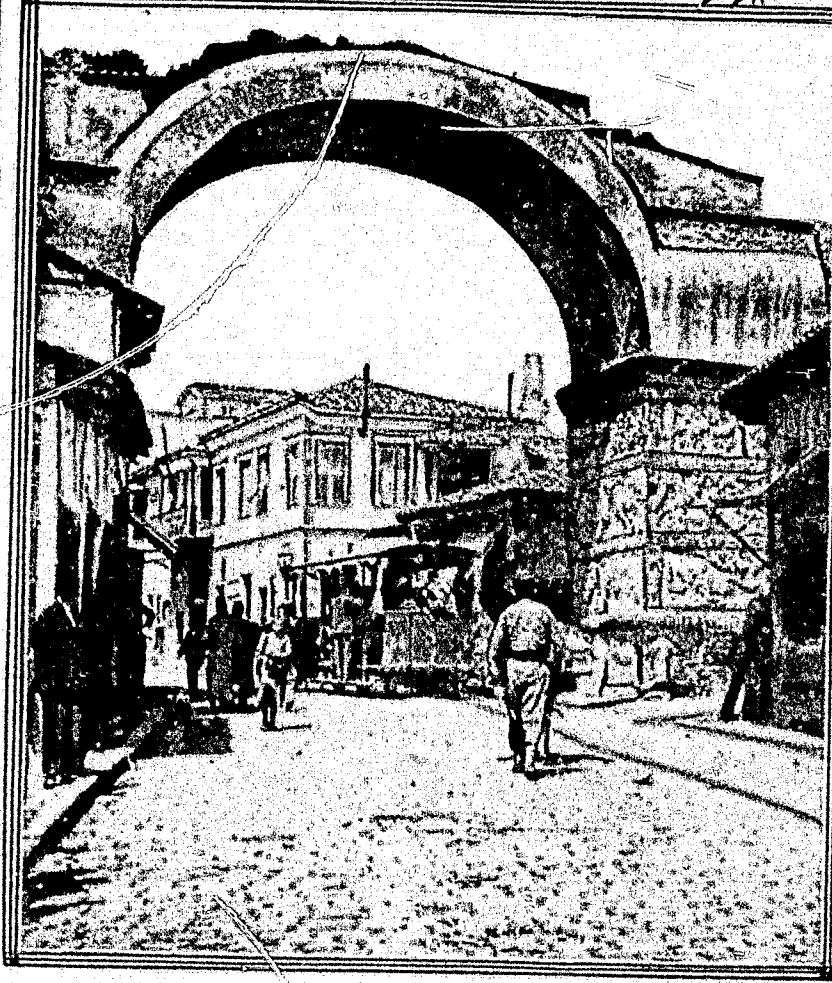
"Speak in French, and be careful," I warned, observing that mademoiselle was about to break bounds, her taste for battle whetted by her talk with the Natchez woman. In French I remarked:

"There is to be a funeral tomorrow. I think we better start away before then. Let us go aside and talk it over."

We shifted our position to the shade of some trees. The Natchez were watching us furtively. They had witnessed the scene between the two women, and they were curious, of course. They also knew that Labrador's return was likely to lend new interest to the funeral. I felt no concern for my personal safety; nor did the matter of the girl's escape press for my immediate attention. Labrador's predicament, however, demanded prompt action.

In Choctaw I told him:

# Great Plain of Saloniki



The Arch of Galerius in Saloniki.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE greatest engineering enterprise undertaken in the Near East during modern times is to be performed by American engineers near Saloniki, Greece.

Much of the Great Plain of Saloniki (or Plain of the Vardar) lying to the west and to the north of the city, is like the Roman campagna, a country of swamps and frequently overflooded land. For centuries this overmoist region has been the source of malaria due to the millions of mosquitoes which it breeds. Yet that portion of the plain which is dry is of wonderful fertility, producing grain, cotton, and tobacco to perfection. The enterprise will consist in draining the swampy regions and protecting the plain from overflows by controlling several rivers, the work to cost between sixteen and seventeen million dollars. In addition the course of the Vardar river will be bodily shifted at a cost of an additional ten million dollars, to protect Saloniki harbor from silting.

By the undertaking, the Greek government will itself become possessed of approximately 150,000 acres of land now submerged which, it is estimated, will be worth \$27,000,000; while other lands will be benefited by about \$11,000,000 and will swell the taxes.

The Saloniki plain has been famous through the ages. This level region was the heart of Macedonia, and there Alexander was born. The vanishing Macedonian plain has there learned its lessons. At Philip, near by, Caesar and Pompey fought their important battle. Xerxes crossed this plain with his huge army of Persians to strike at the Grecian city states; later Mithridates traveled the same road to meet the Romans. Saloniki city, then Thessalonika, flourished during New Testament times. Paul labored there and had to flee for his life. The Byzantines, then the Venetians controlled the port; and finally it fell to the Turk and remained under his heel for four centuries.

Saloniki's Fine Situation.

The city stands on rising ground at the head of a long gulf, shaped very much like what the classicists call a Phrygian cap, or what is perhaps more familiar to us as the liberty cap of the French Revolution. This gulf, bending to the east in such a way that its inner recesses can never feel the disturbances of the open sea, is formed by that peninsula of Chalcidice whose three long promontories of Kassandria, Longo and Athos are the most salient features of the northern Aegean. The longer western shore of the gulf sweeps in a curve of over a hundred miles from Salonika to the tip of the peninsula of Thessaly.

For the greater part of their course these spreading coasts are both high and admirable to look upon. But the line of the Greek mainland is in particular notable because above it tower the three classic peaks of Olympus (9,900 feet), Ossa or Kissovos, as it is now known (8,400 feet), and Pelion or Pissodhi (8,500 feet).

As regards approaches from the land, Saloniki is also happily placed. The city faces west and south, toward Macedonia and Thessaly, looking out at Olympus through the gate of the Inaur Bay. The immediate edges of the bay are flat, having been gradually leveled by the three rivers that pour into it. But at a great distance from the water the final spur of the Rhodope mountains make an amphitheater which rises east of the city into three peaks of 3,000 feet each.

On the north the hill of Thracian Baba reaches a height of 1,500 feet, whence the ground drops away into the plain of the Vardar.

It is not surprising that a city so admirably placed, whether for defense or for communication, enjoying the climate of the northern

Aegean, and amply provided with the various resources of field, wood, and water, should long have been known to men, and that its possession should often have been disputed.

Founded by Kassander of Macedonia. Yet compared to its two great neighbors, Athens and Constantinople, Saloniki is relatively a modern town. Founded originally as an Ionian colony, the place was first known as Therme, or Therna, from the hot springs which still exist in that eastern district of the bay.

The present town was founded about 315 B. C. by King Kassander of Macedonia, and named after his wife, Thessalonike, half sister to Alexander the Great. The adjoining peninsula of Kassandria takes its name from the king himself, who founded another city on its shore.

Under the Romans, Saloniki grew greatly in importance. Made a free city, the capital of the surrounding region, it became the home of many Roman colonists, and not a few famous names associate themselves with the town. Cicero lived there for a time in exile.

During the Byzantine period Saloniki became the second city of the empire. Its situation made it the commercial capital of the Balkan peninsula, and it rivaled Constantinople as a port of traffic between eastern Europe and Alexandria.

Saloniki has been compared to Genoa. But one's first impression is of a disappointing flatness, not in the least comparable to the lofty air-filled, bastioned, heaven-sealing air of the Italian city. Yet Saloniki scales heaven, too, in her more discreet manner.

And there is even something faintly Italian about her. This is most palpable on the broad quay of the water front, especially when a veritable row of fishermen from the Adriatic are drying nets or sails under the sea wall, just as they do in Venice. The crescent of white buildings facing the blue bay would not look foreign in any United or Spanish. The White Tower, which is the most conspicuous of them, might have been the work of an Italian prince.

What the People Are Like.

As for the people, a good many would pass without question. Just such slight and slim young men in Italy would sit at little tables on the sidewalk. Just such young women, rather pale and powdered as complexion, rather dusky as to eyes and hair, would sit beside them. And you hear a good deal of Italian. But you hear more of other and less familiar languages. And those red fezzes are a new note.

A more striking note is afforded by numerous dignified old gentlemen taking their ease in bathrobes, as if were, sit a little up the side and tied about the waist with a gay silk sash. Over the bathrobe they usually wear a long, open coat lined with yellow fur, which guards them from the cold in winter and in summer from the heat. And none of them is without a string of beads, preferably of amber, dangling from his hand and giving him something to play with.

A dozen different estimates of the population will be given an Englishman, varying according to the race of the informant; but they all agree on the point that Saloniki contains not far from 150,000 people, and that more than half of them are Jews.

There is also a considerable Moslem population of Hebrew origin, mainly descended from the followers of Sabbatai Levi of Smyrna, a would-be Messiah of the seventeenth century, who created a great stir in this part of the world, and who, being at last offered his choice between death and Islam, elected the latter.

## Delicious Humor of Nye Fooled English

On the seventy-fifth anniversary of Bill Nye's birth, a tablet, a memorial window and a granite monument were unveiled at Fletcher, near Asheville, showing his quaint humor and lovable personality have not been forgotten.

At one time he served as postmaster at Laramie, Wyo., an appointment which incidentally brought forth his famous letter addressed to President Arthur and containing his resignation.

In the letter he directed the President where to find everything, explaining that the postal cards he had read were carefully paraphrased apart from the original ones. He continued: "If Deacon Hayford does not pay up his letter in the general delivery, and when Bob Head gets drunk and insists on a letter from one of his wives every day to the week, you can salute him through the box delivery window with an old Queen Anne tomatohawk that you will find near the Kirsusan water

fall."

No tickled were the officials at Washington with this letter that they published it far and wide. To Nye's huge delight an English paper editorially commented to shocked amazement on the ways of American postmasters.

Wouldn't Bear Out Theory

Theoretically, a loaded cannon between two evenly moving bodies of the same weight and type would result in an equal shock to both, regardless of their speeds. The forces of impact act equally on both bodies, and in the case of two automobiles would tend to throw all occupants forward in their respective cars with equal violence. However, in an actual collision between autos involving speeds as high as 50 miles per hour, so many unvaluated factors would enter that it is probable that results would seldom, if ever, be exactly as expected from the ideal theoretical case.

Use But Few Words

British experts have found through investigation that about half the daily conversation of the average person involves the use of but 52 words.

## EDWARDS CAMP, NO. 1

Invitation is extended to all belonging to any of these to visit meetings when

EDWARDS CAMP, No. 37, F. & A. Masonic Hall the second evening of every month. W. M.; Fred B. Mer-

CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. Masonic Hall the first evening of each month. Philbrook, W. M.; Mrs. Den Kerehoven, Sec.

EDWARDS CAMP, No. 31, I. O. A. S. Silver, N. G.; D. Secretary.

EDWARDS CAMP, No. 22, K. of Grange Hall the first and third Monday evening of each month. Mrs. Alice Little, Sec. Miss Olive Austin, Secretary.

EDWARDS CAMP, No. 22, K. of Grange Hall the first and third Monday evening of each month. H. C. N. G. Macchia, K. of

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**WANT COLUMN**

Twenty five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.  
Each word more than 25: One week, 50 cents; each additional week, 25 cents. Minimum charge, 25 cents.  
Each must accompany order.

**FOR SALE**—One dozen Angus yearling calves. All good types. ALMON F. FARM, West Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**FOR SALE**—First Quality Vancouver Hardwood Shingles. L. A. BROOKS, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**WANTED**—Peeled spruce, fir, poplar and cedar growth, white maple pulpwood for the factory on Grand Trunk Railroad during the coming year. PEN-LEW LUMBER COMPANY, West Paris, Me. Tel. 500.

**NOTICE**—I am prepared to haul away stone in Bethel Village. H. M. OGDEN.

**FOR SALE**—Two heavy wagons with dump and bodies. J. A. SPINNEY, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**TO LET**—Camp Wagner on Twitchell Lake, on 100-acre road 5 1/2 miles south of Bethel's Mills. Beautifully located. Fully equipped and furnished. Good fishing. Nice garden. Durable garage. For terms apply to J. A. WAGNER, 121 Main St., Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**TO LET**—Two tenements, one of four rooms and one of seven rooms. Inquire at the Town Office, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**FOR SALE**—Drop Head Sewing Machine in Al condition, also an Underwood Portable Typewriter. E. P. LYON, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**PULPWOOD WANTED**—1000 cords of peeled fir, spruce, poplar, maple and hemlock from the mouth of Bear River, Moose River, to Bethel, N. H. J. L. EDWARDS, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**FOR SALE**—Four weeks old puppies. Inquire at the Town Office, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**FOR SALE**—One 8 tube radio set in perfect condition, complete with battery and all speakers. Inquire of E. W. KIMMEL, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**FOR SALE**—20 tons hay, also 4 calves weighing about 100 pounds each. M. P. FLETCHER, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**FOR SALE**—One and one half tons of good hay on the farm. HAVING CHAIR, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**FOR SALE**—Ten or twelve six weeks old pigs. P. L. CHAPMAN, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**FOR SALE**—Place known as Cobble, situated on the 100-acre road 5 1/2 miles south of Bethel's Mills. Fully equipped and furnished. Good fishing. Nice garden. Durable garage. For terms apply to J. A. WAGNER, 121 Main St., Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
BY D. M. FORBES  
BETHEL, MAINE  
Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1925, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.  
THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1926.

**For Sale**  
L. A. BROOKS  
REAL ESTATE DEALER  
15 MAINE ST.  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE  
RU-BER-OLD SHINGLES  
also  
ROOFINGS  
RED PRESSED BRICK  
ODD MILLWORK  
H. ALTON BACON  
Bryant's Pond, Maine

**NEWRY**

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCracken of Bethel are visiting at his brother's, Norman McCracken's, and attended the "Senior" and "Junior" dances at the Grange Hall last Friday evening. They reported a good time, a large crowd and plenty of sugar.

Mr. A. Reed of Bethel, N. H., was in town last Friday.

Mr. W. H. Reed went to Fruit trees to be set out at his farm here.

Leslie Corbett is at work for Charles H. Jackson,芒斯丁.

Mr. Ed Reed was in North Newry last Sunday.

**NOTICE**

At a legal meeting of the West Paris Congregational Church held May 1st, 1926, it was voted to take down the fence which is in the rear of the Church. The fence is unsightly, a serious fire hazard, and no longer used by church members. After thirty days from this first notice the fence will be removed and the land will be used for other purposes.

Anyone claiming a legal interest in any part of these lands will please notify the undersigned, and make arrangements to sell or take away his unit.

H. H. HASTINGS,  
H. H. HASTINGS,  
ELLA D. HANCOCK,  
Assessors.

May 6th, 1926.

**NOTICE**

The annual meeting of the Riverside Cemetery Association will be held at the home of the President of the Association, E. M. Walker, Main Street, Bethel Village, Bethel, Maine, on Saturday, May 22nd, 1926, at two o'clock in the afternoon to elect officers for the ensuing year and to transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

H. H. HASTINGS, Secretary.

**WANTED**—Young people's and children's sewing to do. Mrs. TRUE A. BAMES, R. F. D. 2, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**FOR SALE**—My meadow land, in care of HARRIET TWADDELL, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

**LOST**—On Broad or Church Streets, woman's grey suede gloves. Return to 121 Main office and receive reward.

At the annual election of the Town of Bethel, Maine, the following names were voted for:

For Town Clerk, E. M. Walker, 121 Main Street, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

For Town Assessor, E. M. Walker, 121 Main Street, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

For Town Engineer, E. M. Walker, 121 Main Street, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

For Town Surveyor, E. M. Walker, 121 Main Street, Bethel, Me. Tel. 500.

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**EAST BETHEL**

Mrs. S. E. Hall of Bethel, N. H., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bean. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Swan have moved from Leake's Mill to their home farm here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Hastings were Sunday guests of relatives at Grandview, going by way of West Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Russell and son, Cedric, of Bethel were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Porter Farwell.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Clark, and sons, Hugh and Wendell, of Auburn were over week end guests of relatives at Bethel and East Bethel. Hugh and Wendell Clark leave May 14th for the Ingalls Hotel Co., Philadelphia, N. J., and Boston, Pa., where they enter an apprenticeship school, studying engineering and pattern making.

Mr. H. H. Hastings of Bethel has recently purchased of Mrs. Wm. G. Hall the late Susan Bean Martin homestead farm in the place.

Mother's Day was delightfully observed by the school here Friday P. M., May 7, the following program being well presented:

Eight Children Recitation, My Mother, Leonard Tyler Recitation, Mother's Ceneration.

Ellen Barnes Photograph Selection, Was There Ever A Mother Like You?

Reading, Mother, Iva Harrington Dialogue, Mothers of All Nations, Elwyn Babbins, Raymond Bartlett, Edward Cudgole, Joseph Holt, Edward Haines

Recitation, Mother Understands, Willard Farwell

Dialogue, Mother, Mae Cudgole, Pauline and Lillian Harrington, Doris Farrar, Agnes Howe and Nanette Foster

Recitation, Billy and Daisy, Melba Kimball

Photograph Selection, Cross My Heart, Mother, I Love You

Dialogue, Six Little Carnations, Freda and Nellie Harrington, Frances Babbins, Louise and Mildred Farrar and Grace Foster

Recitation, Grace's Ceneration, Gene Barnes

Compositions, Why I Love My Mother, Hilda Reed, Edward Haines, Joseph Holt, Raymond Bartlett and Iva Harrington

Reading, Somebody's Mother, Hilda Reed

At the close of the entertainment refreshments of hot cocoa and candy were served. Nine mothers and six grandmothers very much enjoyed it all, feeling refreshed in mind as well, and deeply appreciated the lovely written contributions. Each visitor was presented with a sweet mother's pink.

**CARD OF THANKS**  
Words cannot express our heartfelt thanks to the ladies and many friends who so kindly assisted us by word and deed in our recent bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hatchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brown, Mrs. Ethel Hammond, Mrs. Tracy Hutchinson

**RESOLUTIONS**  
In the passing of Brother James T. Hutchins, we have lost a true friend and a member of the oldest membership of the Bethel Union Church, a true friend and a member of the oldest membership of the Bethel Union Church, a true friend and a member of the oldest membership of the Bethel Union Church.

As a last token of respect to our departed Brother, it is resolved:

That in the passing of Brother Hutchins we mourn the loss of a faithful member, but our sorrow is tempered with the thought of his faithful allegiance to the Union.

Therefore, it is resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be placed in the stated order of service, and read upon our sorrow and our sorrow deepened for the loss of a true friend.

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W. F. CLARK,  
J. M. BROWN.

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J. S. HUTCHINS,  
W. F. CLARK,  
J. M. BROWN.

**CHURCH ACTIVITIES**

**UNIVERSALIST CHURCH**

Rev. C. Easternhouse, Minister  
Mother's Day was a success in every way at the church. There was a large attendance to listen to the special music and sermon appropriate for the occasion. The anthem was sung by a special large chorus. Mrs. R. Bennett and Mr. Edridge in their vocal pleasant voices sang two beautiful solos.

Next Sunday will be "Good Will" Sunday. The day is recommended to all the churches for observance by the Council of Federated Churches. The minister will, therefore, preach on the subject, "Good Will." There will be special discussion about the present general strike in Great Britain.

Sunday School will follow the services at 12 o'clock.

Young people's meeting at 7:15. Subject for discussion, "Good Will." Lead or to be announced.

Choir rehearsal Tuesday at 7 o'clock at Mrs. Wiley's.

Ladies' Circle, Wednesday. Place to be announced.

Boys' Club meeting Friday at 7 o'clock in the church.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY**

Chapman Street  
Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject of the lesson sermon, Mortals and Immortals.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

**METHODIST CHURCH**

Rev. C. B. Oliver, Minister  
The new year has begun with much to be done. We are ready for the best year. While we publish this month the local record of sixty-six (66) years of history in this church with many previous years of general Methodist activities we are at the same time making history. In April, 1927, the very best records possible in our church, will be the numbers who have really found a personal Savior. Our goal is twenty-five for the year. That is low. Twenty-five what? Church members? No, twenty-five new Christian people. Yes, church members afterwards because one cannot be a strong Christian person very long apart from an organization. Could a soldier win many battles apart from his regiment?

On Tuesday evening the new District Superintendent will be present to hold the First Quarterly Conference. The business will be:

1 Pastor's report  
2 Trustees' report. Par. 350  
3 Have treasurer's accounts been audited? Par. 109

4 Local, Mr. H. I. Bean  
5 World Service, Mrs. A. C. Adams  
6 Church School, Mrs. P. C. Lapham  
7 Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Mrs. Fred Wood  
8 Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Fred Clark  
9 Epworth League, Mrs. Gladys Gibbs

10 Reports of church membership and church records. Par. 110.

11 What is the committee on missions, order of support, Par. 321.

12 A. C. Adams, A. H. Gibbs, H. I. Bean  
13 What amounts have been estimated for, and apportioned to, this charge this year for the support of the ministry?

14 Is the Disciplinary Plan organized and in operation in the charge? Par. 111.

15 The Methodist Discipline  
Church School at 9:15. We are expecting again toward the last mark. Let us be prepared for the corresponding increase in lesson and Evangelistic efforts.

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Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Fred Clark  
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**GRANGE NEWS**

**CANTON GRANGE**

Mother's Day was observed at Canton Grange, Saturday. In the forenoon Merle J. Harriman of Bethel, the State Lecturer, installed the officers of the Juvenile Grange, and in the afternoon a roll call was answered by something about Mother.

Talk on the Fair exhibit  
Vocal solo, Mrs. Muriel Foote  
Reading, Mrs. Cora B. Fuller  
Piano solo, Mrs. Gladys Stevens  
Reading, Miss Ethel Russell

Mr. Harriman then gave a fine talk along Grange lines which was of interest.

Preliminary plans made for advertising resources of Maine.

**MOTHERS**

**Radio broadcasting stations throughout the world total 803, nearly two-thirds of which are in the United States.**

Thousands of mothers have brought up families of healthy, happy children by relying on the good old "L. F. ATWOOD'S BITTERS" in times of sickness.

Mrs. Frank A. Whitcomb of Brooks, Maine, writes: "L. F. Atwood's Bitters is always in my house. We use it for all common ailments. I gave my little girl a dose during an epidemic, and she was all right the next day, while others were sick from five to ten days."

A guaranteed family remedy in use more than 70 years.

Get a Bottle today. 60 doses 50c. Trial size 15c. L. F. Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

Full Sized 30 x 3 1-2

at Mail Order Prices

(SIEBERLING BUILT)

See them at

**BENSON & GIBBS**

Automobile Repairing and Battery Service  
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Mechanic St., BETHEL, MAINE

Member WILLARD BATTERY Men

Tel. 19-12

Tel. 33-11

**"REX FLINTKOTE"**

Fire Proof Shingles

Do you always wonder when the fire bell rings if it's your home that's on fire?

Seven out of ten fires start from a spark or burning soot, coming out of the chimney and landing on wood shingles. In the country—night or day—you are helpless, and even near the Fire Department there is sure to be a loss. This can be prevented without any extra expense by using

**High Grade Asphalt Shingles**

See the

**"REX FLINTKOTE" FIRE PROOF SHINGLES**

AT

**"CARVER'S"**

Wholesale and Retail

**FISHING TACKLE**

Rods, Reels, Lines,

Hooks, Sinkers, Spinners,

Nets, Baskets

**G. L. Thurston**

BETHEL, MAINE

**NOTICE**

Protest in general at

acted not to build

as the dry condition

makes it extremely dan